

C.34

k 13





C. 34. 12. 13

Second Part of Henric the Fourth. 1600.

There is only one early edition of this play, but some copies have an enlarged sheet E, with an additional scene, consisting of six leaves. The fact clearly is that, as originally published, sheet E contained only four leaves. The error was found out, & in copies issued afterwards, the sheet was altered. There are two copies in the Museum, but both have the enlarged sheet. The present genuine copy of the original sheet is taken from a duplicate in my collection.

Henry the fourth.

Dol. For Gods sake thrust him down staires, I cannot indure such a fustian rascall.

Pist Thrust him downe staires, know we not Galloway nagges?

Falst. Quaitte him downe Bardolfe like a shoue-groat shilling, nay, and a doe nothing but speake nothing, a shall be nothing here.

Bard Come, get you downe staires.

Pist. What shall we haue incision? shall we imbrew? then death rocke me a sleepe, abridge my dolefull daies: why then let grieuons gashly gaping wounds vntwinde the sisters three, come Atropose I say.

Host. Heres goodly stuffe toward.

Falst. Giue me my rapier, boy.

Dol I pray thee lacke, I pray thee do not drawe.

Fal. Get you downe staires.

Host. Heres a goodly tumult, ile forswear keeping house afore ile be in these tirrits and frights, so, murder I warant now, alas, alas, put vp your naked weapons, put vp your naked weapons.

Dol I pray thee Iack be quiet, the rascal's gone, ah you horseon little vliant villaine you.

Host. Are you not hurte i th groyne? me thought a made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Fal. Haue you turnd him out a doores?

Bar. Yea sir, the rascal's drunke, you haue hurt him sir i th shoulder.

Fal. A rascall to braue me?

Dol A you sweet little rogue you, alas poore ape how thou sweatst, come let me wipe thy face, come on you horse chop: a rogue, yfaith I loue thee, thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, woorth fiue of Agamemnon, & ten times better then the nine Worthies, a villaine!

Fal. Ah rascally slaue! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Dol Do and thou darst for thy heart, and thou dost, ile canuas thee betweene a payre of sheetes.

E

Boy.

The second part of

Boy The musique is come sir. *enter musicke.*

Fal. Let them play, play sirs, sit on my knee Doll, a rascall bragging flauel the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Dol. Yfaith and thou followdst him like a church, thou horson little tydee Bartholemew borepigge, when wilt thou leaue fighting a daies and foyning a nights, and begin to patch vp thine old body for heauen.

Enter Prince and Poynes.

Fal. Peace good Doll, do not speake like a deathes head, do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirr a, what humour's the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow yong fellow, a would haue made a good pantler, a would a chipt bread wel.

Dol. They say Poynes has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him baboon, his wit's as thicke as Tewksbury mustard, theres no more conceit in him then is in a mallet.

Dol. Why does the prince loue him so then?

Fal. Because their legges are both of a bignesse, and a plaies at quoites well, and eates cunger and fennel, and drinks off candles endes for flappe-dragons, and rides the wilde mare with the boyes, and iumpes vpon ioynd-stooles, and sweares with a good grace, and weares his bootes very smoothe like vnto the signe of the Legge, and breedes no bate with telling of discreet stories, and such other gambole faculties a has that show a weake minde, and an able bodie for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another, the weight of a haire wil turne scales between their haber de poiz.

Prince Would not this naue of a wheele haue his eares cut off?

Poynes Lets beate him before his whore.

Prince Looke where the witherd elder hath not his poule clawd like a parrot.

Poynes Is it not strange that desire should so many yeeres out linc performance.

Falst. Kisse me Doll.

Prince

Henry the fourth.

Prince Saturne and Venus this yeere in coniunction? what saies th Almanacke to that?

Poyns And look whether the fierie Trigon his man be not lipping to his master, old tables, his note booke, his counsel keeper?

Falst. Thou dost giue me flattering buisles.

Dol. By my troth I kisse thee with a most constant heart.

Falst. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I loue thee better then I loue, ere a scuruy yong boy of them all.

Fal. What stufte wilt haue a kirtle of? I shall receiue meny a thursday, thalt haue a cap to morrow: a merry song, come it growes late, weele to bed, thou't forget me when I am gone.

Dol. Fy my troth thou't set me a weeping and thou saist so, proue that euer I dresse my selfe handsome til thy returne, wel hearken a th end.

Fal. Some sacke Francis.

Prince, Poynes Anon anon sir.

Falst. Ha? a bastard sonne of the Kings? and arte not thou Poynes his brother?

Prince Why thou globe of sinfull continents, what a life dost thou leade?

Falst. A better then thou, I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

Prince Very true sir, and I come to drawe you out by the eares.

Hof. O the Lord preserue thy grace: by my troth welcom to London, now the Lord blesse that sweete face of thine, O Iesu, are you come from Wales?

Falst. Thou horson madde compound of maiestie, by this light, flesh, and corrupt bloud, thou art welcome.

Dol. How? you fat foole I scorne you.

Poynes Mylorde, he will driue you out of your reuenge, and turne all to a meriment if you take not the heate.

Prince You horson candlemine you, how vildly did you speake of me now, before this honest, vertuous, ciuill gentlewoman?

E 2

Hof.

The second part of

Hof. Gods blessing of your good heart, and so she is by my troth.

Falst. Didst thou heare me?

Prince Yea and you knew me as you did, when you ranne away by Gadshil, you knew I was at your backe, and spoke it, on purpose to trie my patience.

Falst. No, no, no, not so, I did not thinke thou wast within hearing.

Prince I shall driue you then to confesse the wilfull abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

Falst. No abuse Hall a mine honour, no abuse.

Prince Not to dispraise me, and cal me pantler and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse Hall.

Poynes No abuse?

Falst. No abuse Ned i'th worlde, honest Ned, none, I dispraisde him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in loue with thee: in which doing, I haue done the part of a carefull friend and a true subiect, and thy father is to giue me thanks for it, no abuse Hall, none Ned, none, no faith boyes none.

Prince Seenow whether pure feare and intire cowardize, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with vs: is she of the wicked, is thine hostesse here of the wicked, or is thy boy of the wicked, or honest Bardolfe whose zeal burnes in his nose of the wicked?

Poynes Answer thou dead elme, answer.

Falst. The fiend hath prickt down Bardolfe irrecoverable, and his face is Lucifers priuy kitchin, where he doth nothing but rost mault-worms, for the boy there is a good angel about him, but the diuel blinds him too.

Prince For the weomen.

Falst. For one of them shees in hell already, and burnes poore soules: for th'other I owe her mony, and whether she be dam nd for that I know not.

Hof

Henry the fourth.

Hof. No I warrant you.

Falst. No I thinke thou art not, I thinke thou art quit for that, mary there is another inditement vpon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house contrary to the law, for the which I thinke thou wilt howle.

Hof. Al vitlars do so, whats a ioynt of mutton or twoo in a (whole Lent?

Prince You gentlewoman.

Dol What saies your grace?

Fal. His grace saies that which his flesh rebels against.

Peyto knockes at doore.

Hof. Who knockes so lowd at doore? looke too'th doore there Francis.

Prince Peyto, how now, what newes?

Peyto The King your father is at Westminster, And there are twenty weake and wearied postes, Come from the North, and as I came along I met and ouertooke a dozen captaines, Bareheaded, sweating, knocking at the Tauernes, And asking euery one for sir Iohn Falstaffe.

Prince By heauen Poynes, I feele me much too blame, So idely to prophane the precious time, When tempest of cominotion like the south, Borne with blacke vapour doth begin to melt, And drop vpon our bare vnarmed heads, Giue me my sword and cloke: Falstaffe good night.

exeunt Prince and Poynes.

Fal. Now coms in the sweetest morfell of the night, & we must hence and leaue it vnpickt: more knocking at the doore, how now, whats the matter?

Bar. You must away to court sir presently, A dozen captaines stay at doore for you.

Fal. Pay the musitions sirra, farewell hostesse, farewell Dol, you see my good wenches how men of merite are fought after, the vnderferuer may sleepe, when the man of action is cald on, farewell good wenches, if I be not sent away poste, I will see you againe ere I goe.

E 3

Dol.

The second part of

Doll I cannot speake, if my hart be not ready to burst: wel
sweete Iacke, haue a care of thy selfe.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

Host. Wel, fare thee wel, I haue knowne thee these twentie
nine yeeres, come pease-cod time, but an honeste, and truer
hearted man: wel, fare thee wel.

Bard. Mistris Tere-sheete.

Host. Whats the matter?

Bard. Bid mistris Tere-sheete come to my maister.

Host. O runne Doll, runne, runne good Doll, come, thee
comes blubberd, yea? wil you come Doll? *exunt*

Enter Iustice Shallow, and Iustice Silens.

Sha. Come on, come on, come on, giue me your hand sir,
giue me your hand sir, an early stirrer, by the Roode: and how
doth my good coosin Silence?

Si. Good morrow good coosine Shallow.

Sha. And how doth my coosin your bedfellow? and your
fairest daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Si. Alas, a blacke woofel, coosin Shallow.

Sha. By yea, and no, sir, I dare say my coosin William is be-
come a good scholler, he is at Oxford stil, is he not?

Si. Indeede sir to my cost.

Sha. A must then to the Innes a court shortly: I was once
of Clements Inne, where I thinke they wil talke of mad Shal-
low yet.

Si. You were calld Lusty Shallow then, coosin.

Sha. By the masse I was calld any thing, and I would haue
done any thing indeede too, and roundly too: there was I, and
little Iohn Doyt of Staffordshire, and blacke George Barnes,
and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cotsole man, you
had not foure such swinge-bucklers in all the Innes a court a-
gaine, and I may say to you, wee knewe where the bona robes
were, and had the best of them all at commaundement: then
was Iacke Falstaffe, now sir Iohn, a boy, and page to Thomas
Mowbray duke of Norffolke.

Si. This sir Iohn, coosin, that comes hither anone *about*
fouldi-

Henry the fourth.

fouldiers?

Sha. The same sir Iohn, the very same, I see him breake
Skoggins head at the Court gate, when a was a Cracke, not
thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Samson
Stockefish a Fruiterer behinde Greyes Inne: Iesu, Iesu, the
mad dayes that I haue spent! and to see how many of my olde
acquaintance are dead.

Si. We shal all follow, coosin.

Sha. Certaine, tis certaine, very sure, very sure, death (as the
Palmist saith) is certaine to all, all shall die. How a good yoke
of bullockes at Samforth faire?

Si. By my troth I was not there.

Sha. Death is certaine: Is old Dooble of your towne liu-
ing yet?

Si. Dead sir.

Sha. Iesu, Iesu, dead! a drew a good bow, and dead? a shot
a fine shoote: Iohn a Gaunt loued him well, and betted much
money on his head. Dead? a would haue clapt ith clowt at
twelue score, and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteene and
foureteene and a halfe, that it would haue doone a mans heart
good to see. How a score of Ewes now?

Si. Thereafter as they bee, a score of good ewes may bee
worth ten pounds.

Sha. And is olde Dooble dead?

Si. Here come two of sir Iohn Falstaffes men, as I thinke.

Enter Bardolfe, and one with him

Good morrow honest gentlemen.

Bardolfe I beseech you, which is iustice Shallow?

Sha. I am Robart Shallowe, sir, a poore Esquier of this
Countie, and one of the Kings iustices of the peace: what is
your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My Captaine, sir, commends him to you, my Cap-
tain sir Iohn Falstaffe, a tall gentleman, by heauen, and a most
gallant Leader.

Sha. He greetes me wel, sir, I knew him a good backsword
man: how doth the good Knight? may I aske how my Ladie
his

The second part of

his wife doth.

Bar. Sir, pardon, a souldiour is better accomodate then with a wife.

Shal. It is well said in faith sir, and it is well said indeed too, better accomodated, it is good, yea indeede is it, good phrases are surely, and euer were, very commendable, accomodated, it comes of *accommodo*, very good, a good phrase.

Bar. Pardon sir, I haue heard the word, Phrase call you it? by this daye I knowe not the phrase, but I will maintaine the word with my sword to be a souldierlike word, and a word of exceeding good command by heauen, accomodated, that is when a man is as they say, accomodated, or when a man is being whereby, a may be thought to be accomodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falstaffe.

Iust. It is very iust, look, here comes good sir Iohn, giue me your good hand, giue me your worshippes good hand, by my troth you like well, and beare your yeeres very well, welcome good sir Iohn.

Falst. I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow, master Soccard (as I thinke.)

Shal. No sir Iohn, it is my cosen Scilens in commission with me.

Falst. Good master Scilens, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Scil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie this is hot weather gentlemen, haue you prouided me here halfe a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Mary haue we sir, wil you sit?

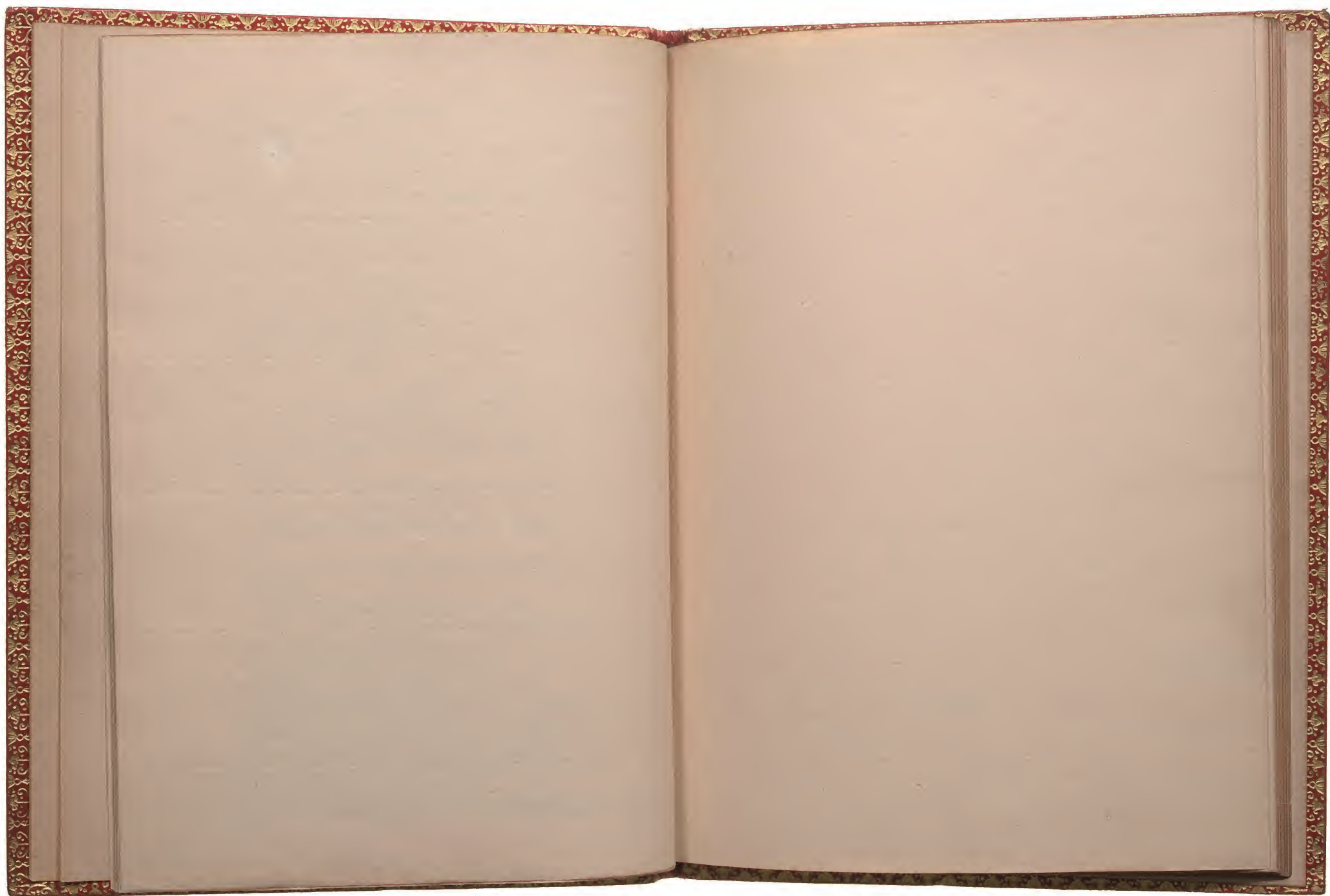
Fal. Let me see them I beseech you.

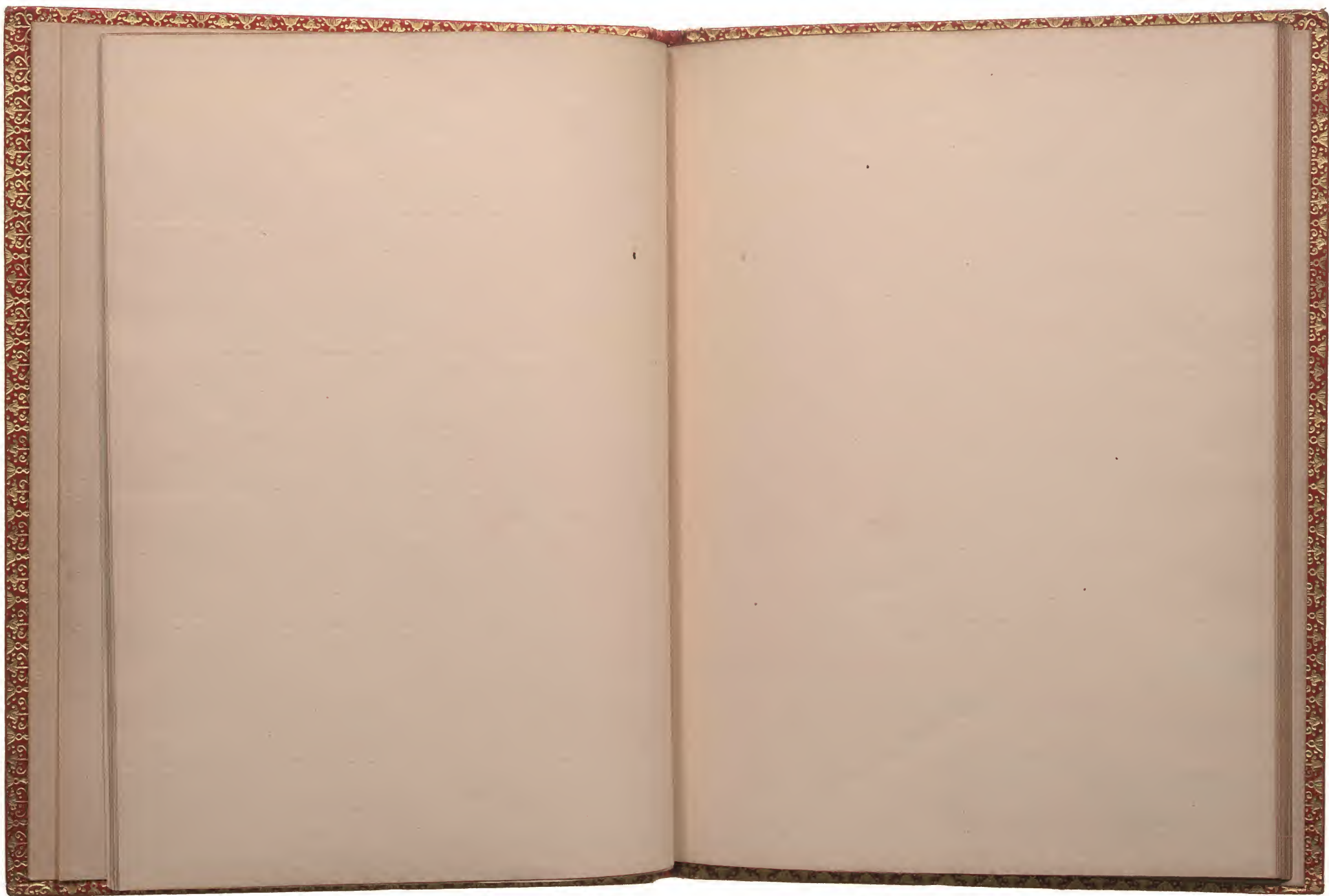
Shal. Wheres the roule? wheres the roule? wheres the roule? let me see, let me see, let me see, so, so, so, so, so, so, so, so, yea mary sit, Rafe Mouldy, let them appeare as I cal, let them do, so, let them do, so, let me see, where is Mouldy?

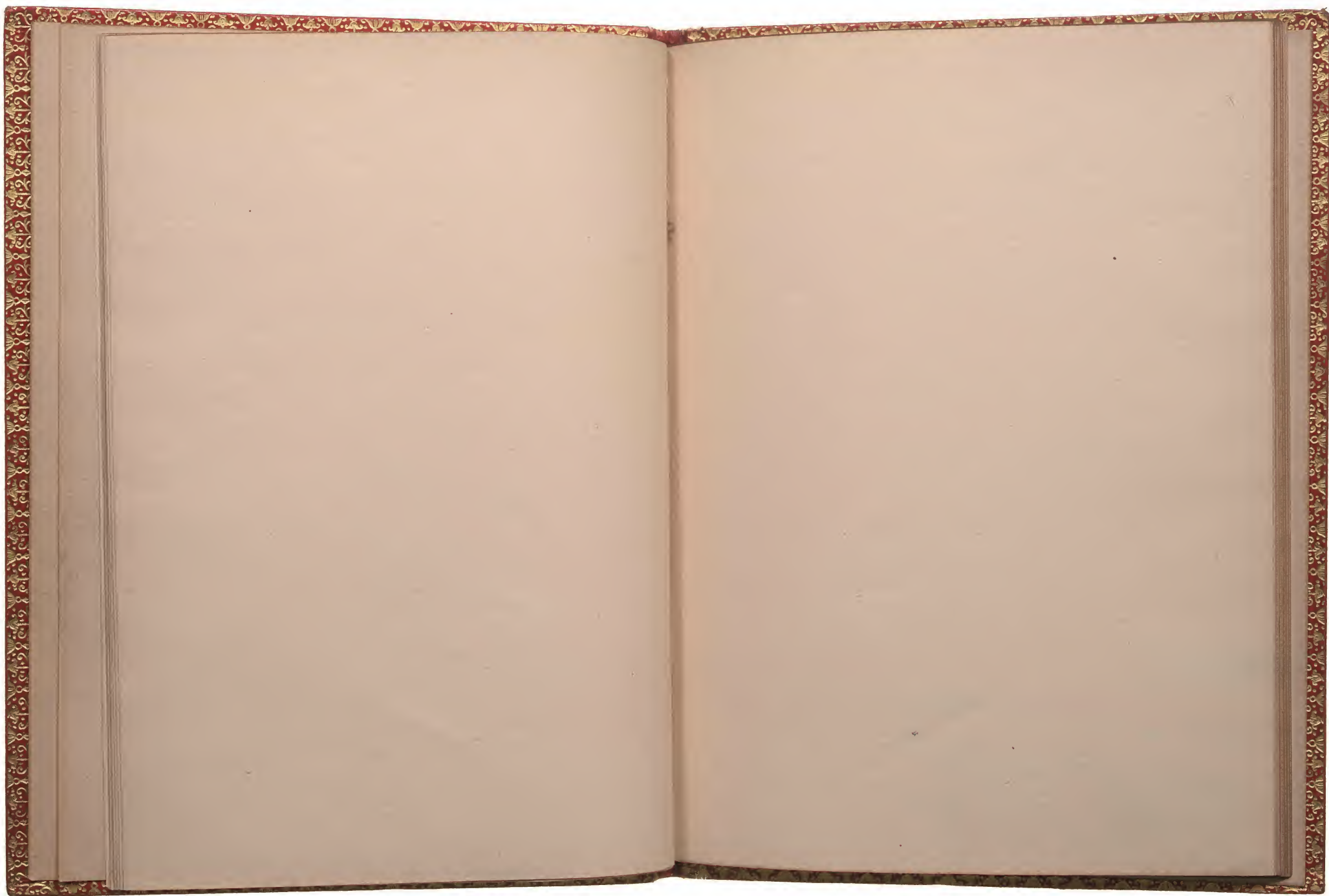
Mouldy. Here, and't please you.

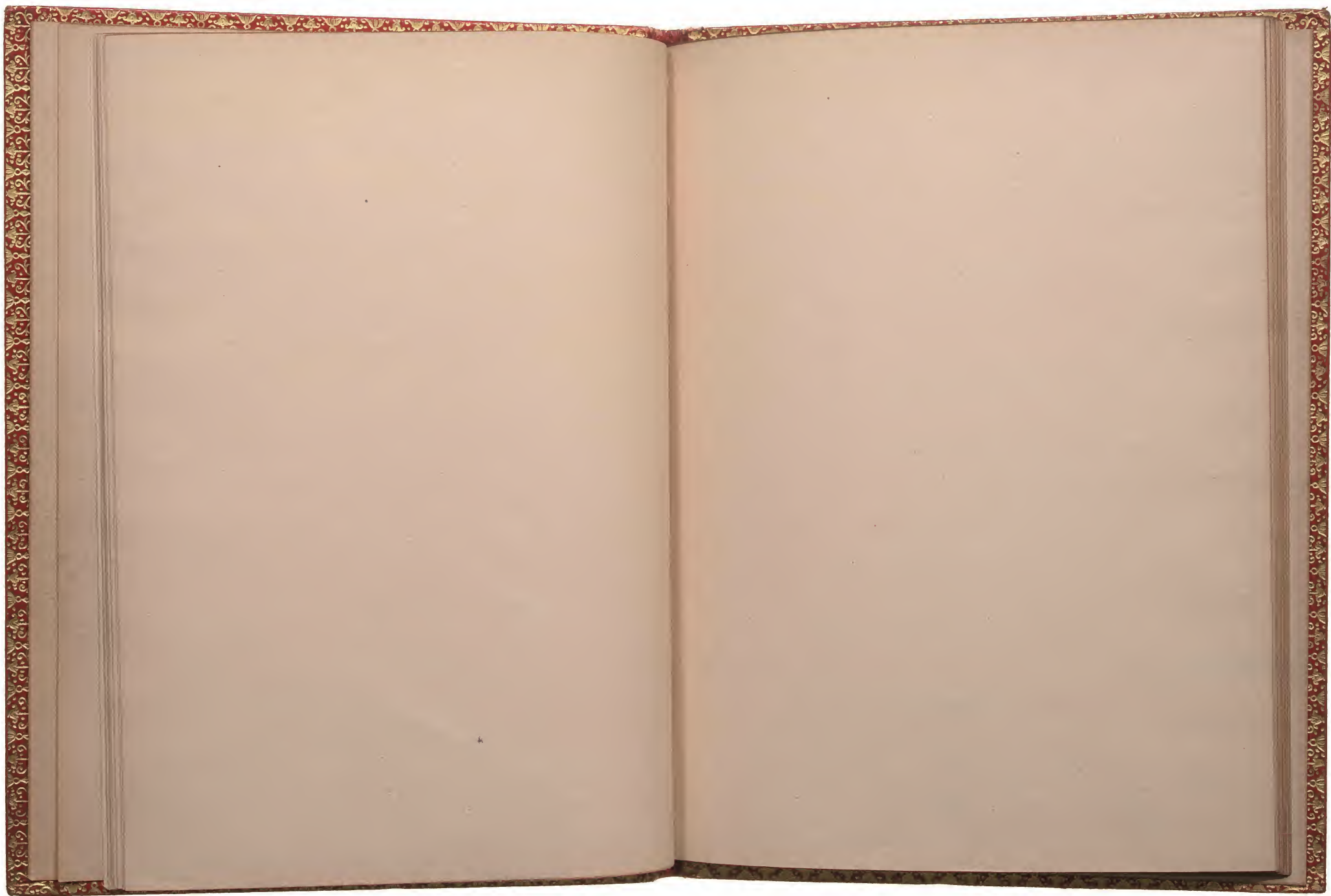
Shal. What think you sir Iohn, a good limbde, fclow, yong, strong,

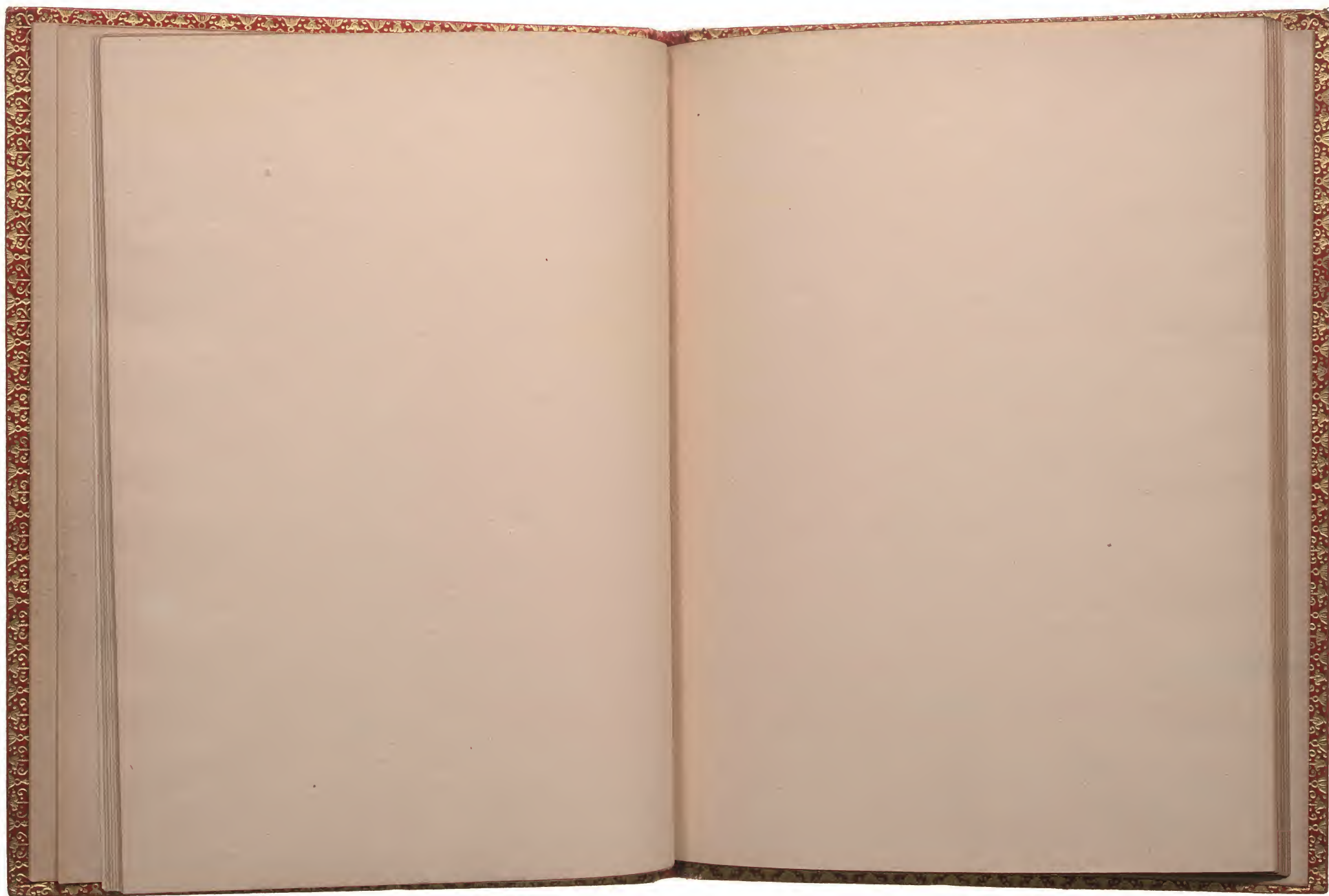
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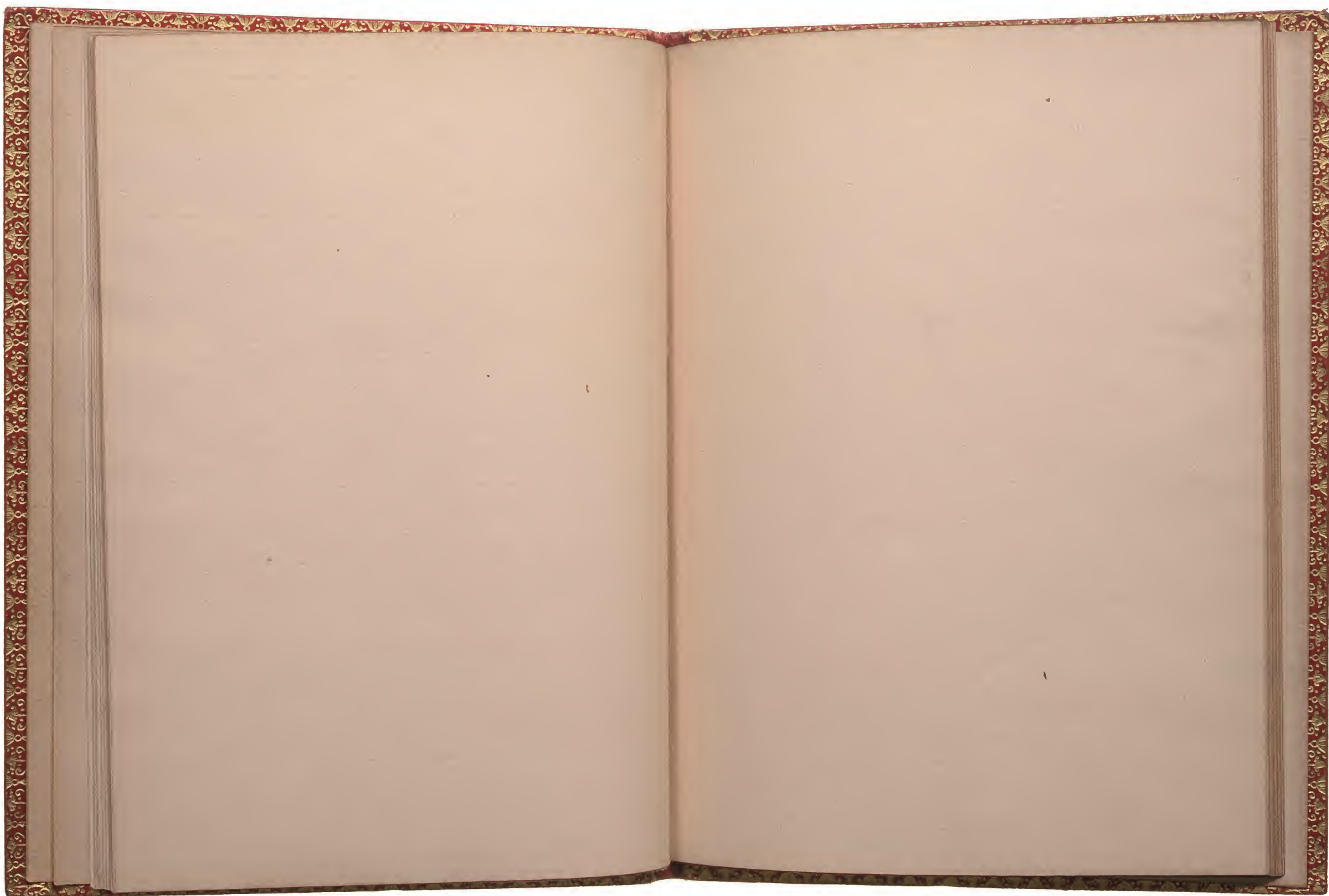


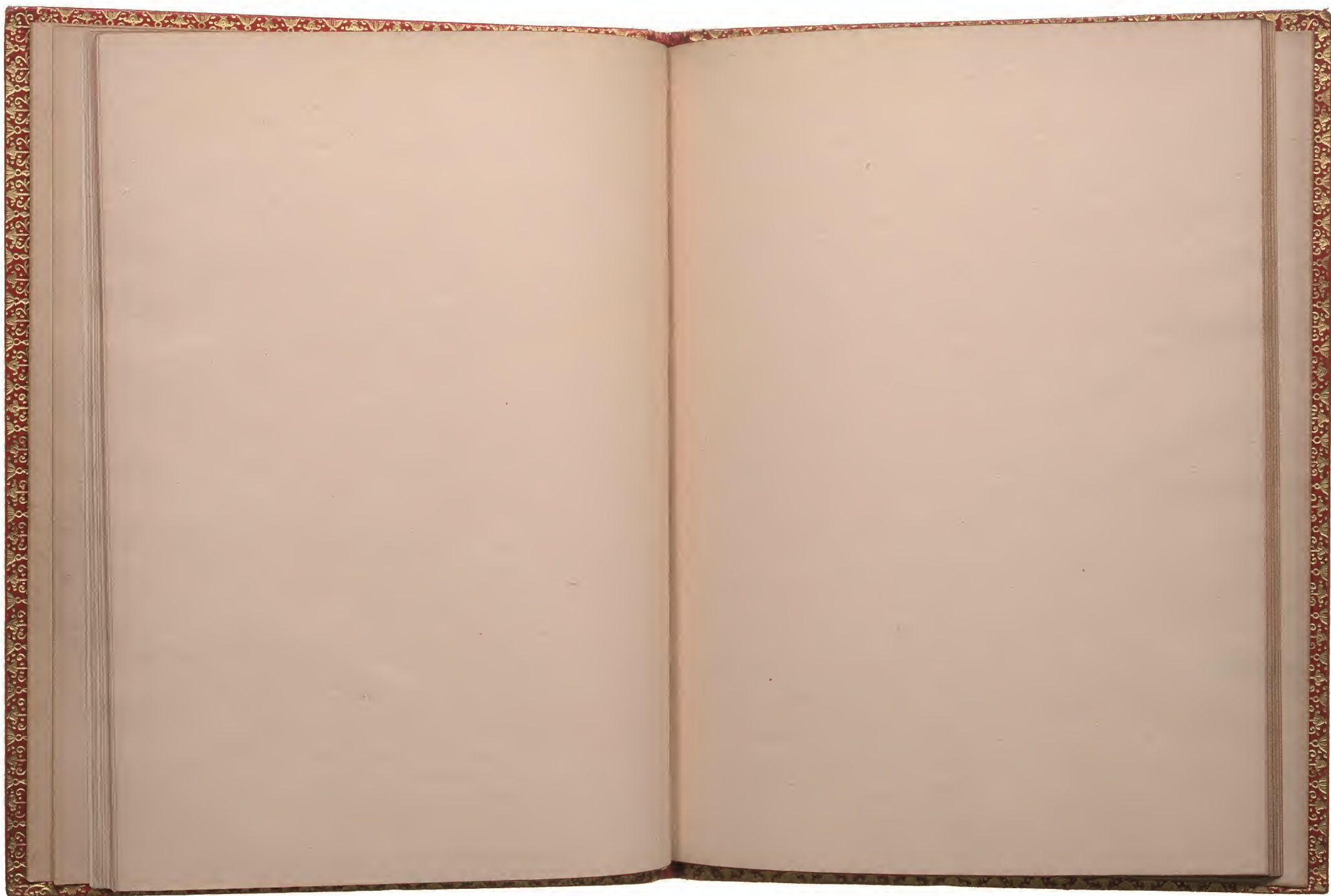


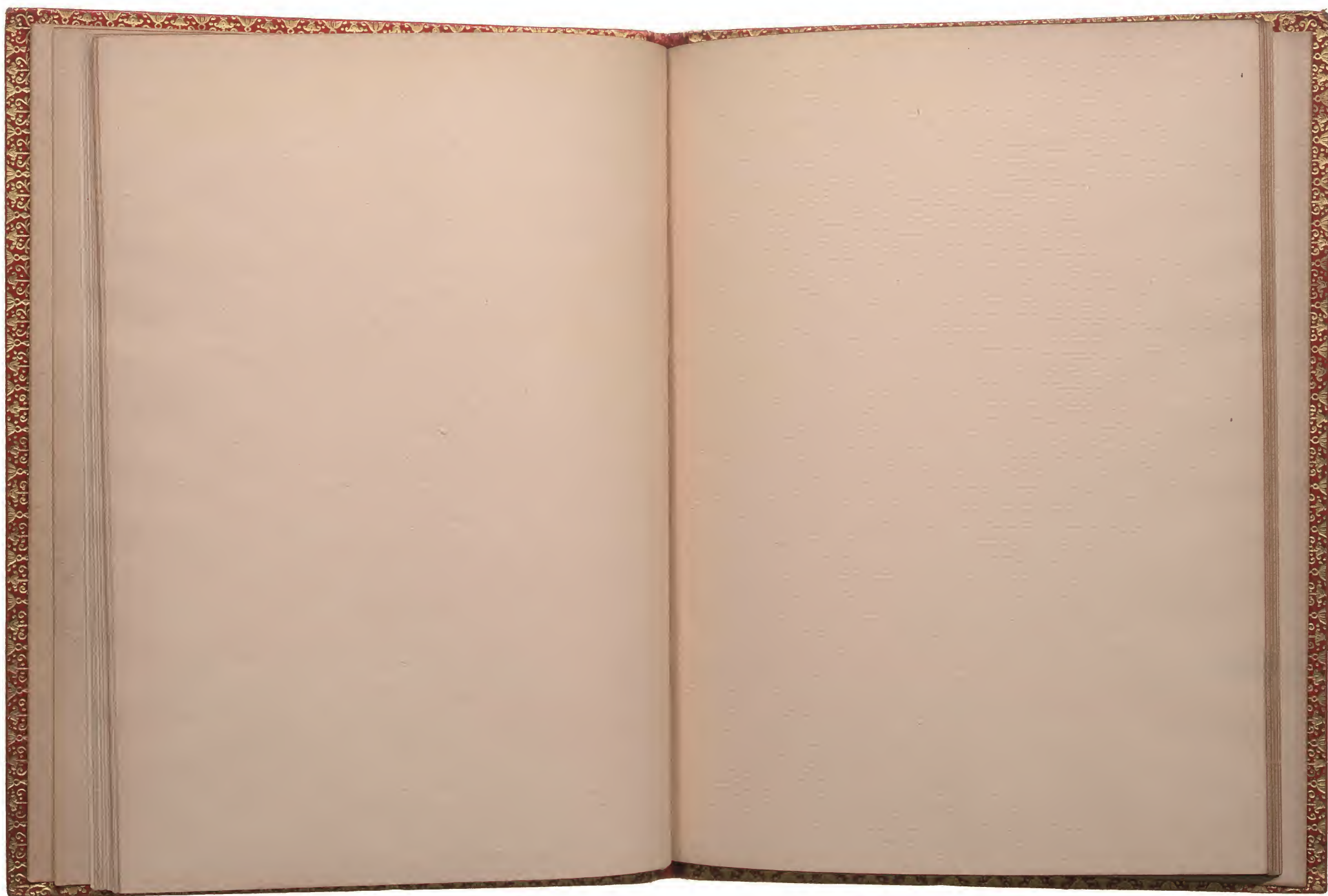


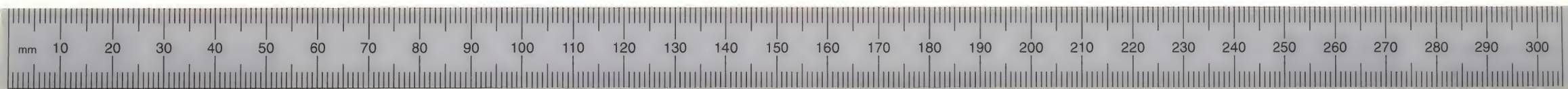
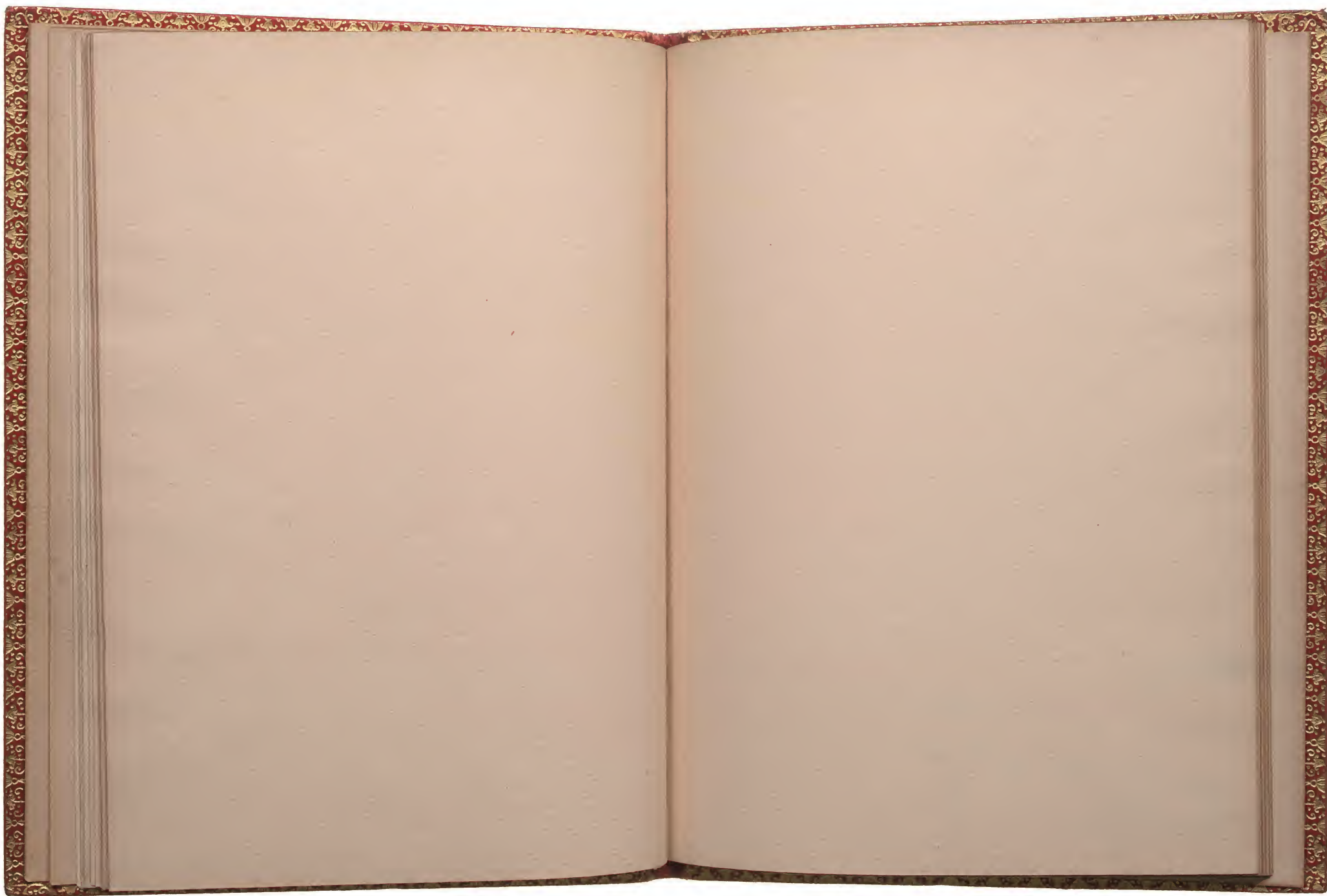


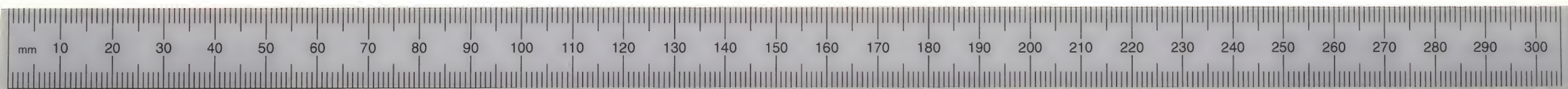
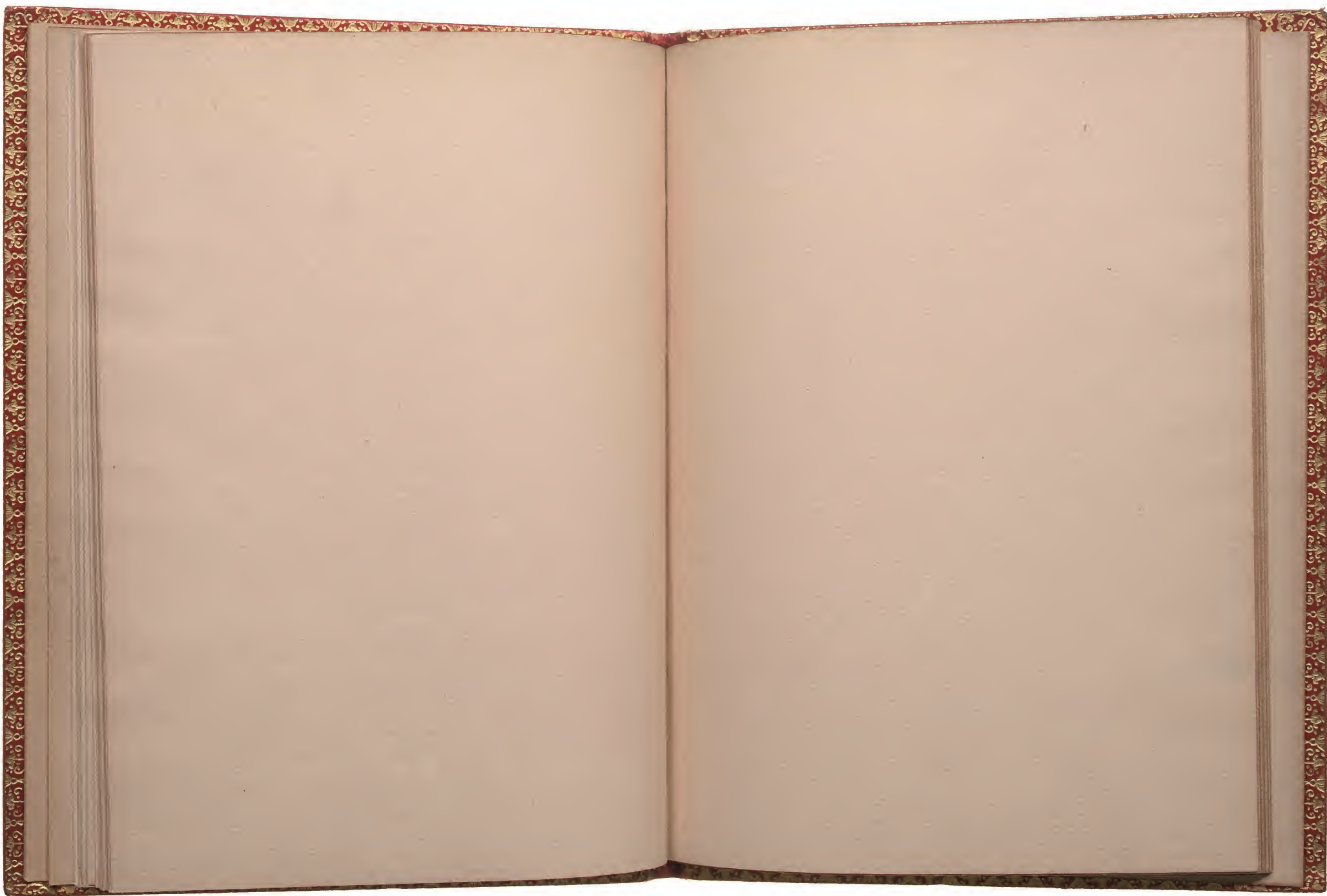


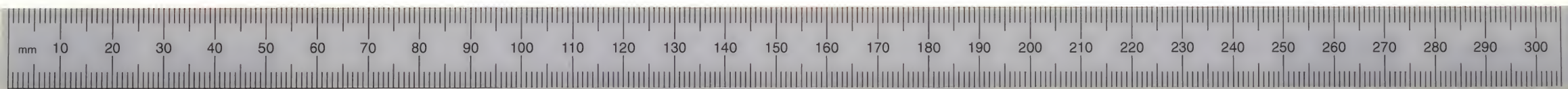
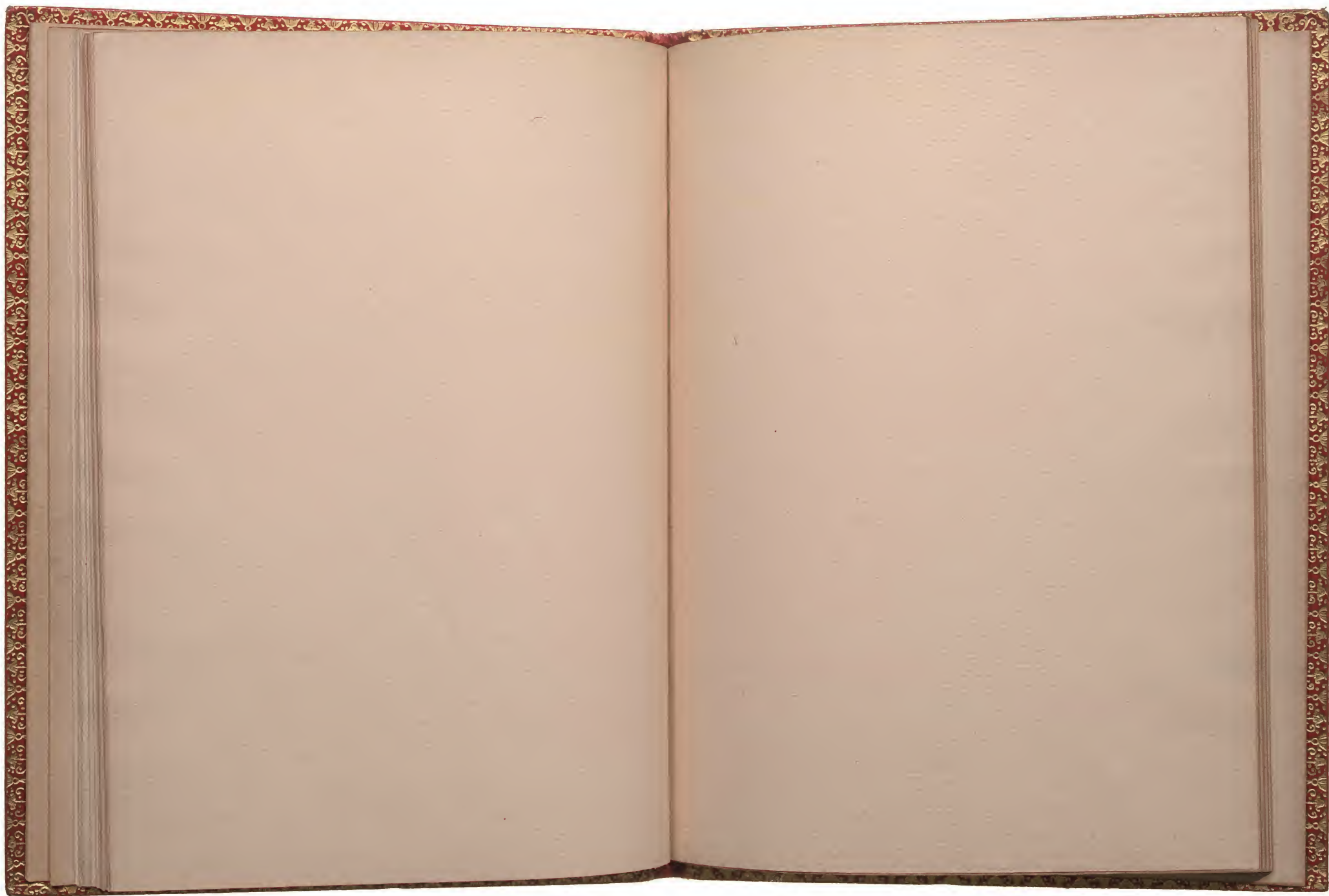


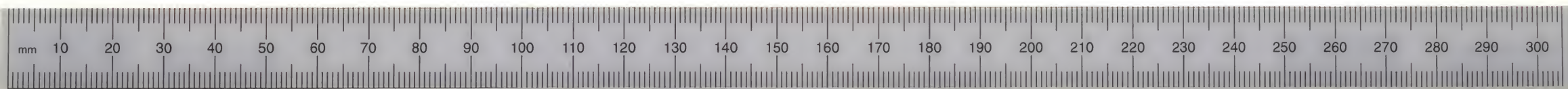
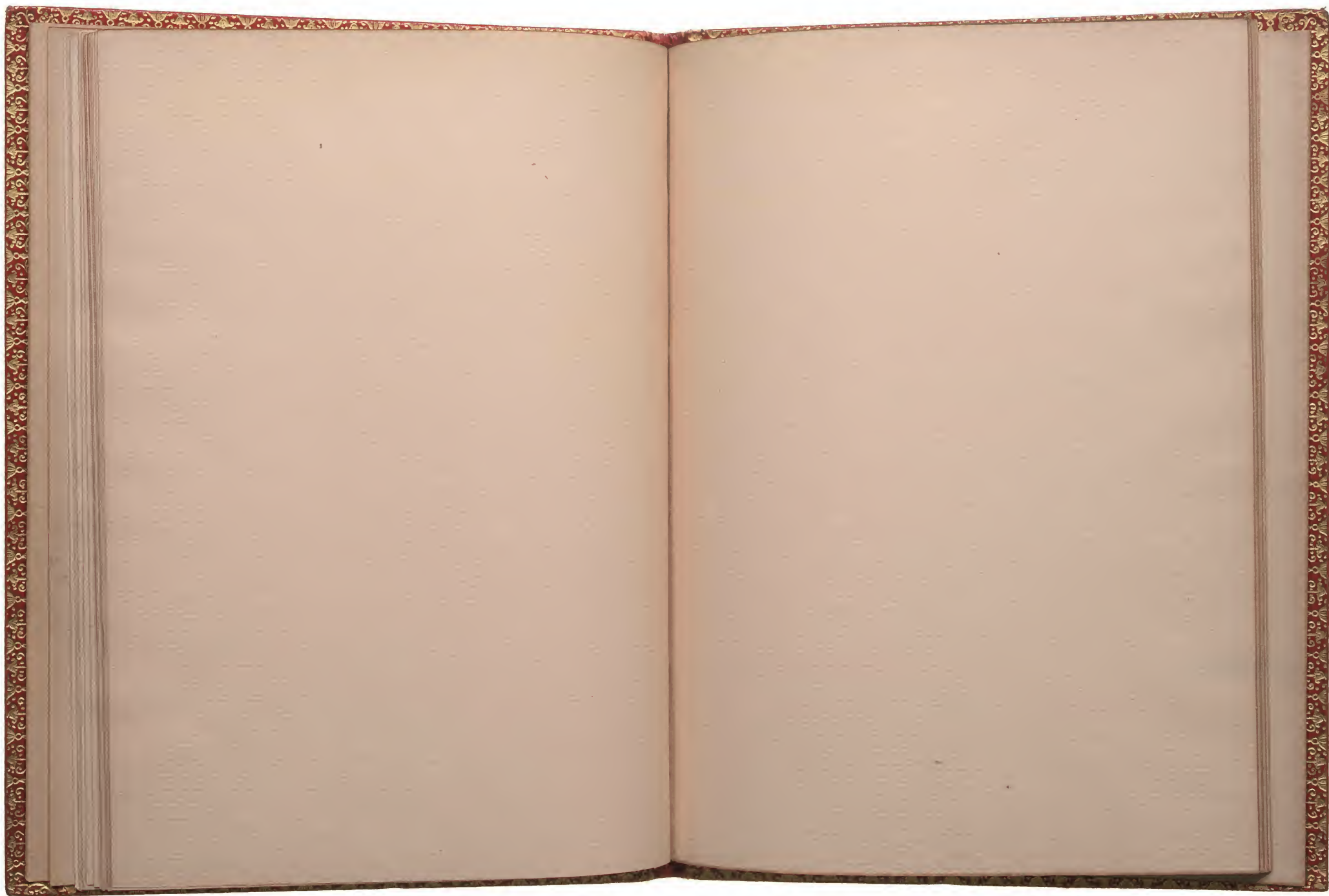


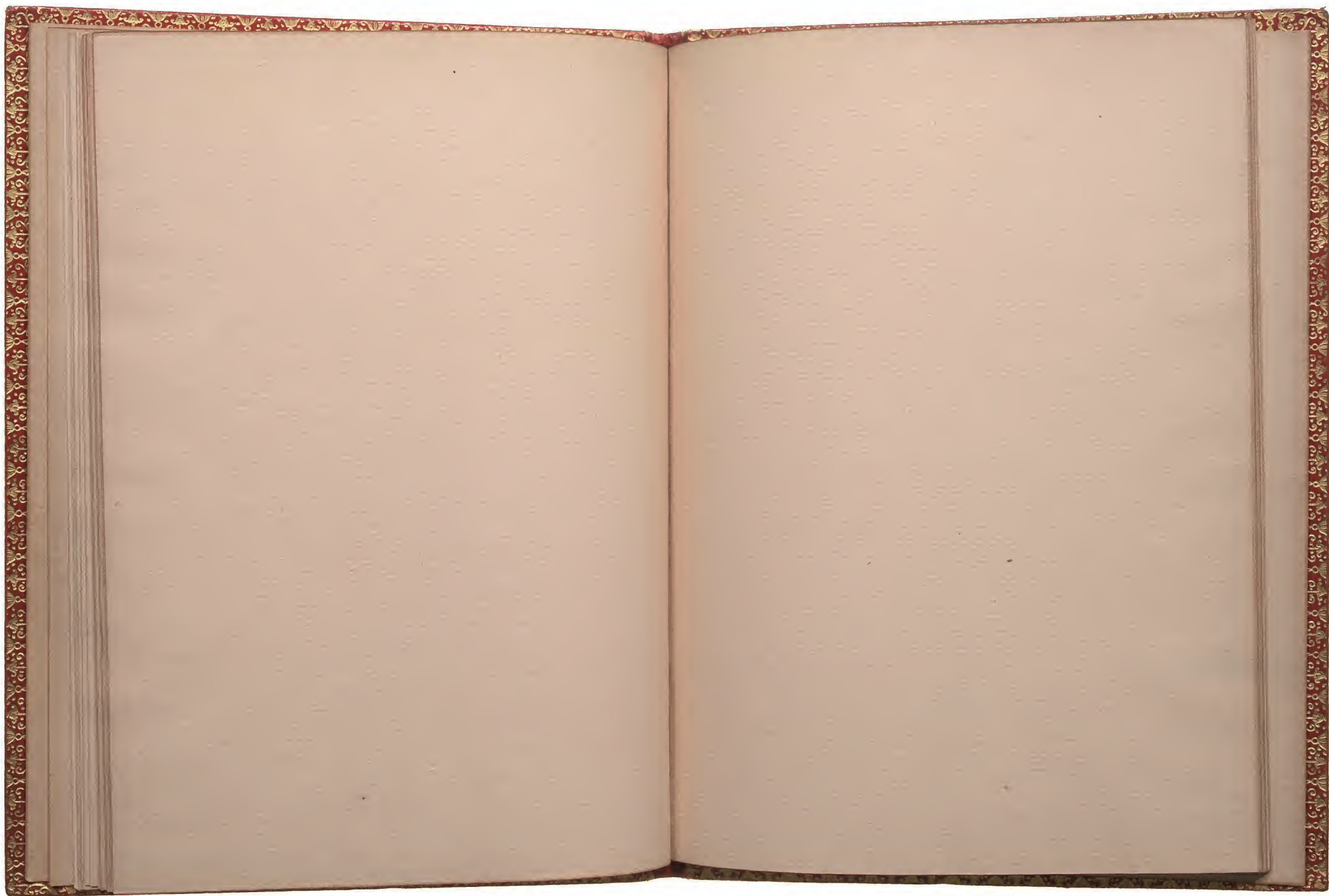


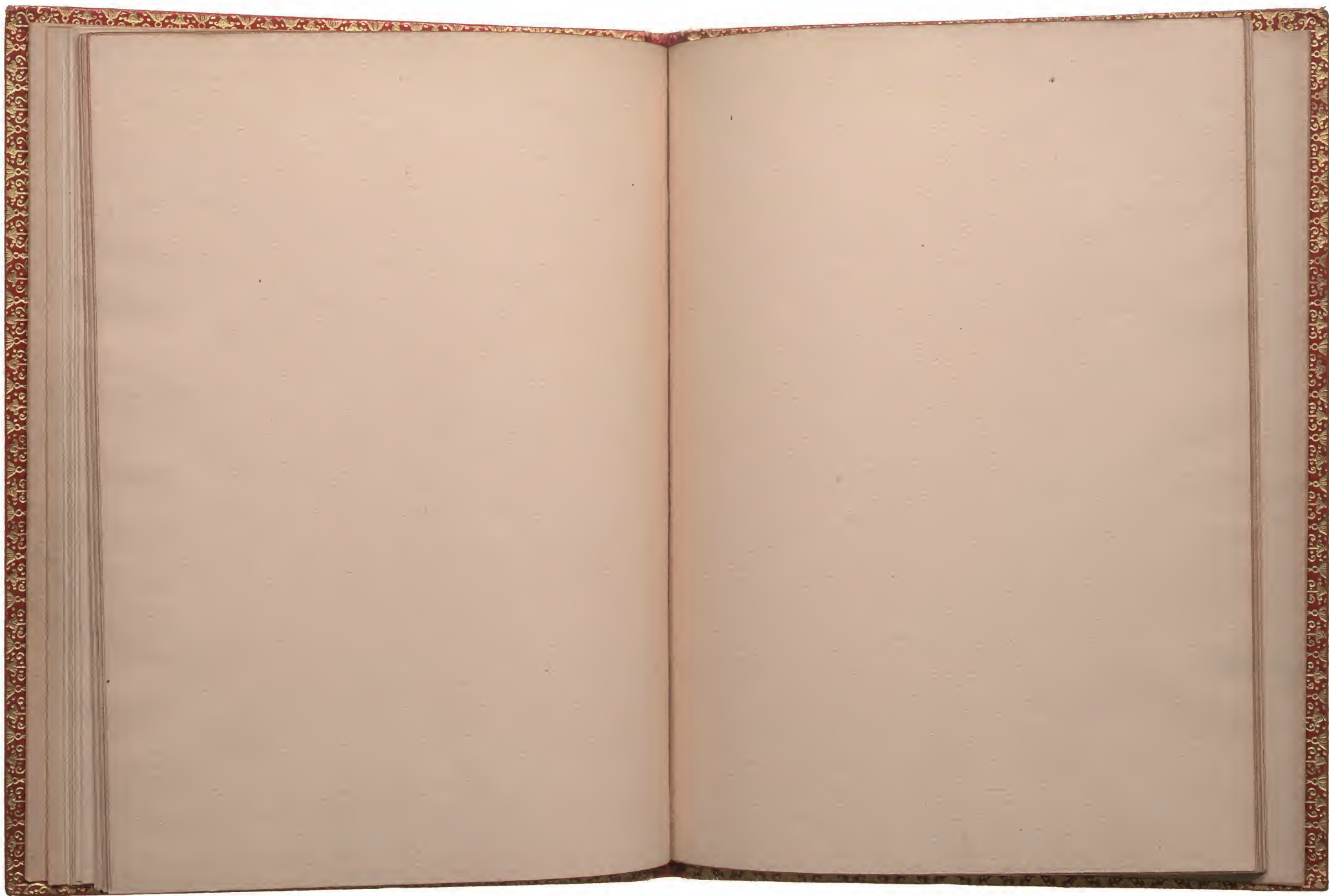


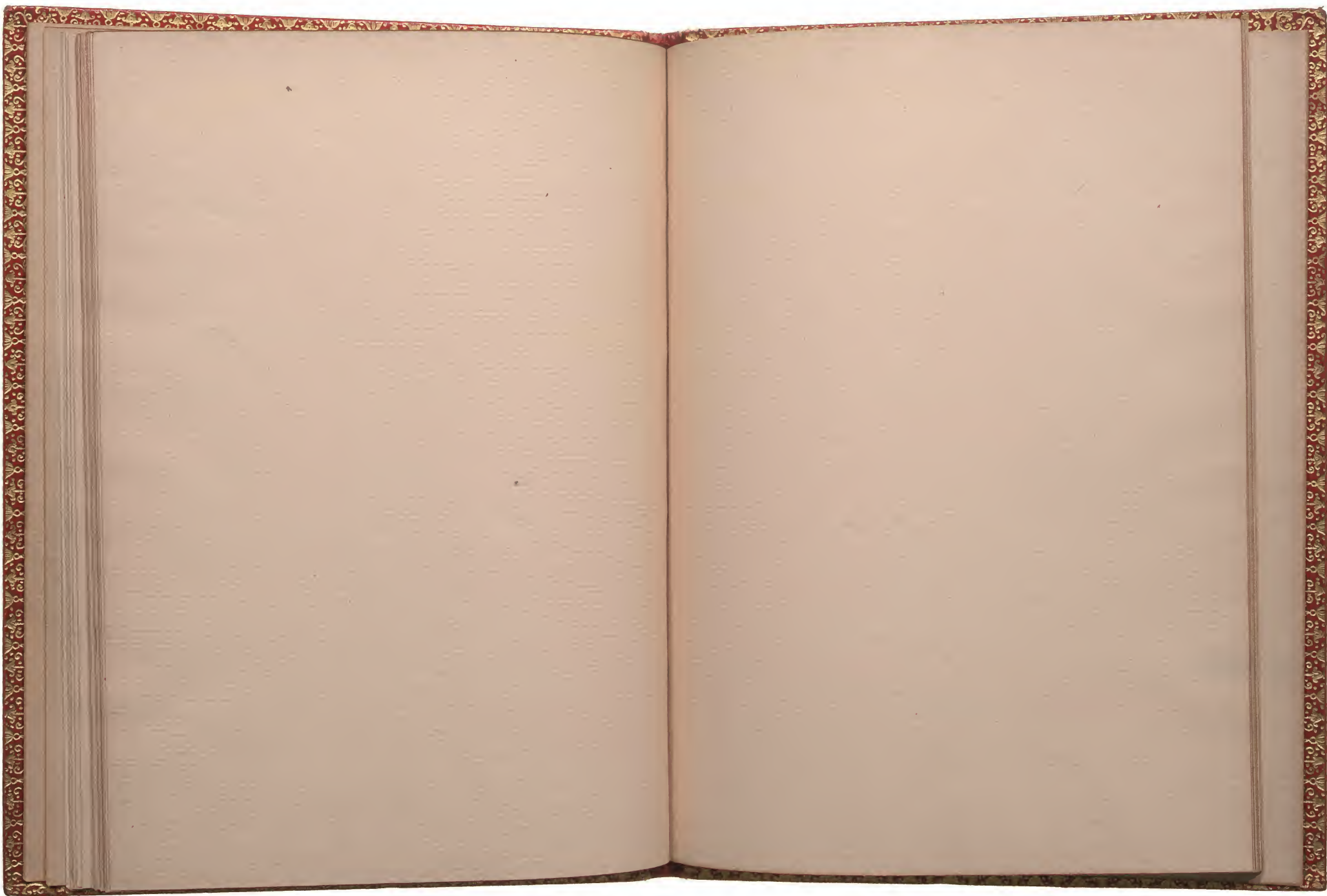


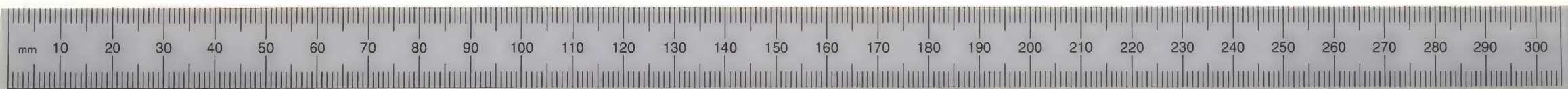
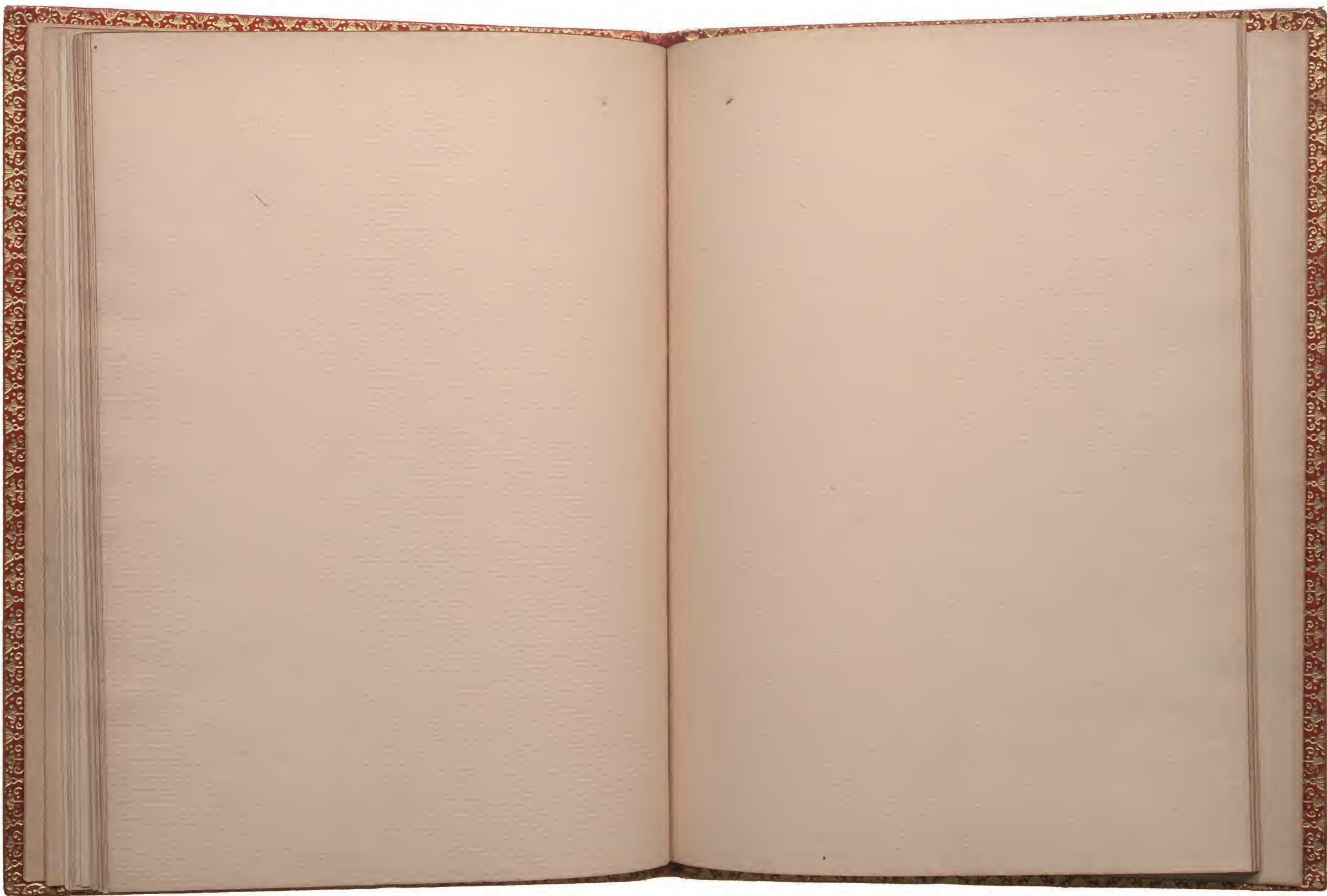


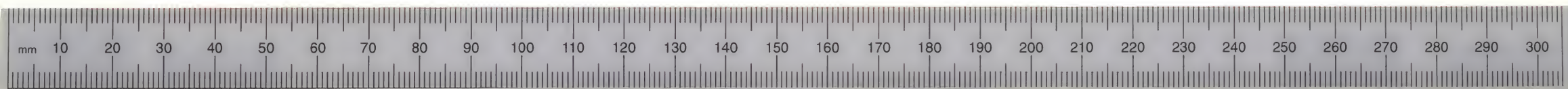
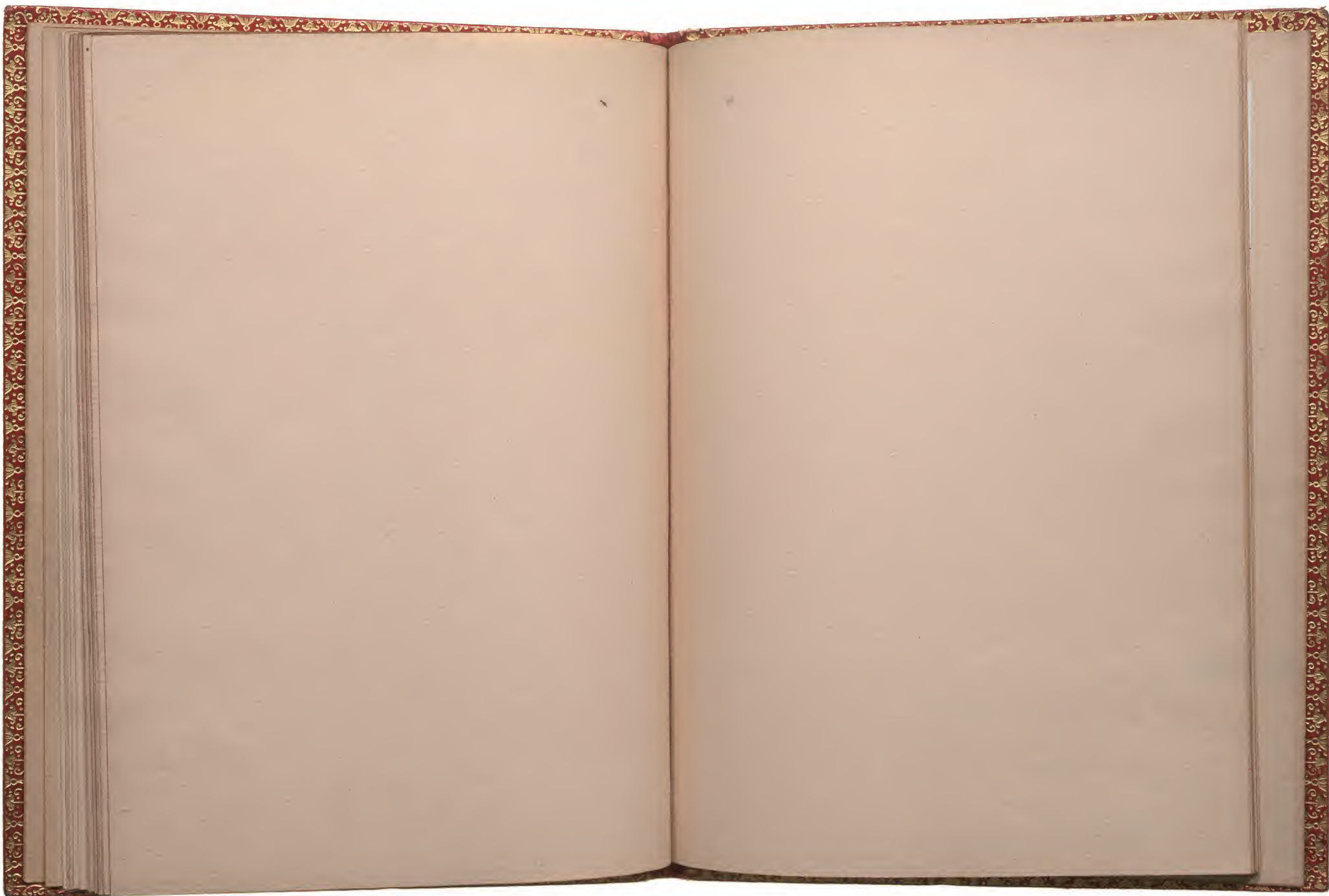


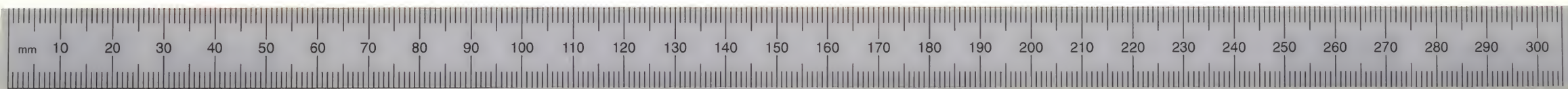
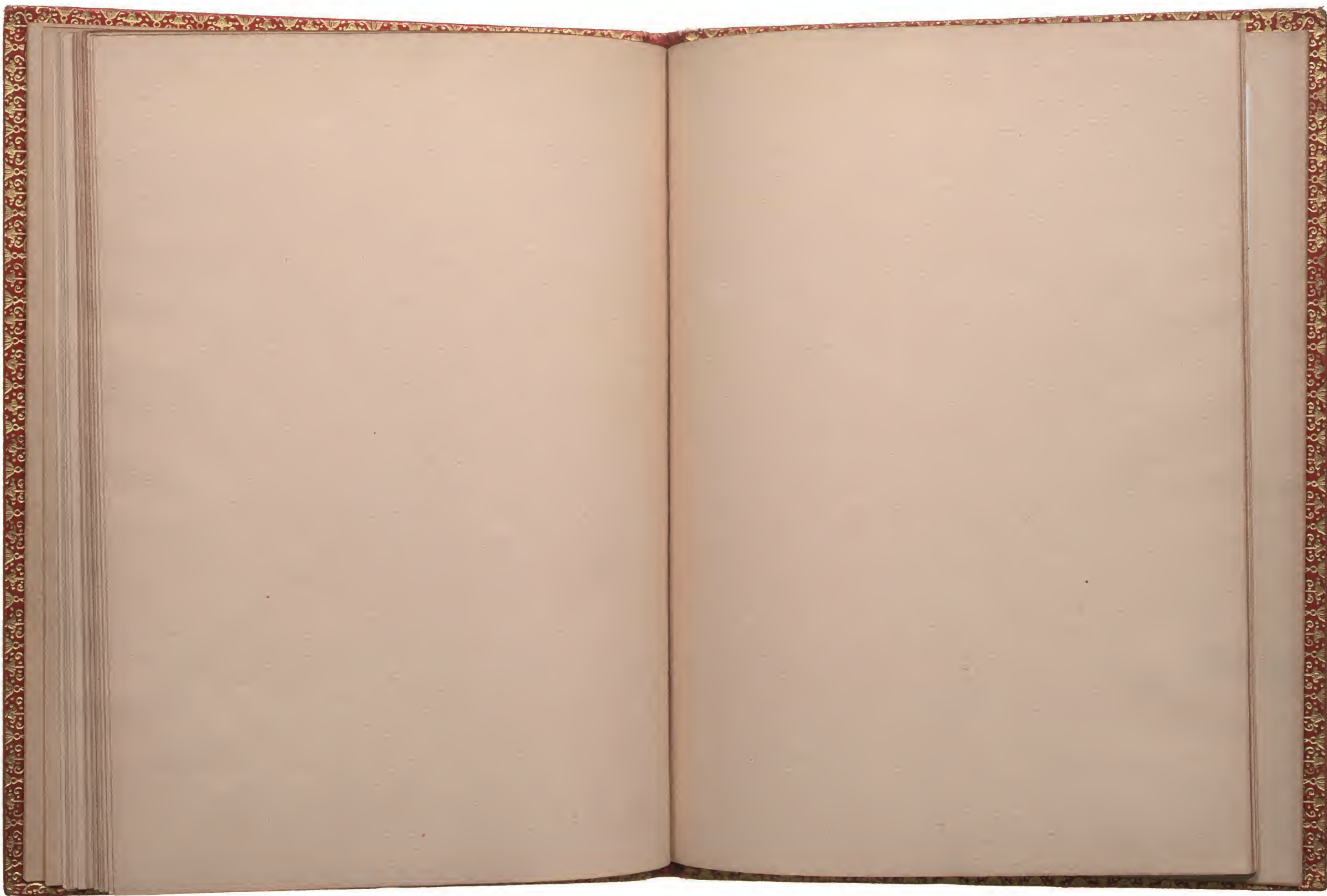


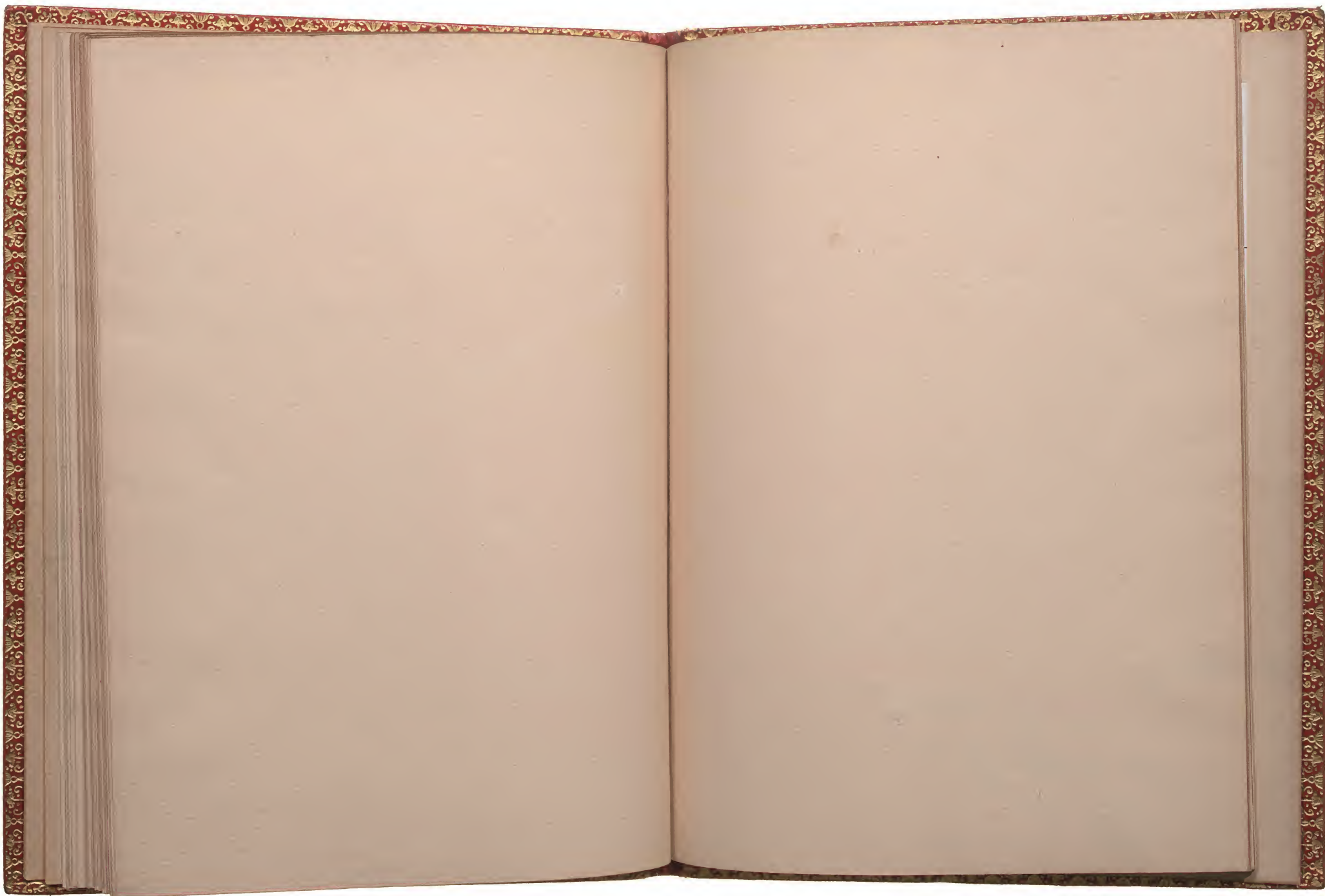


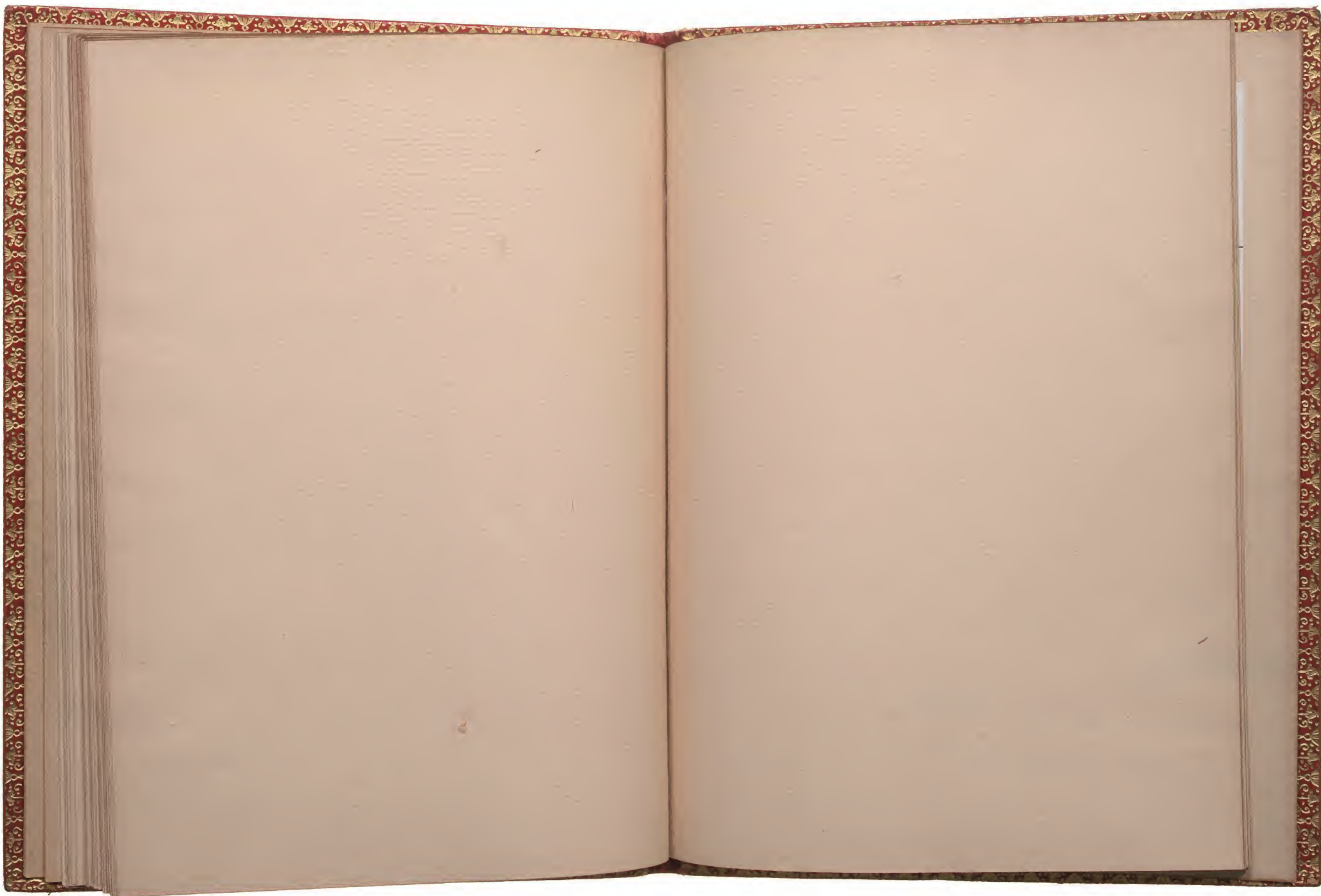


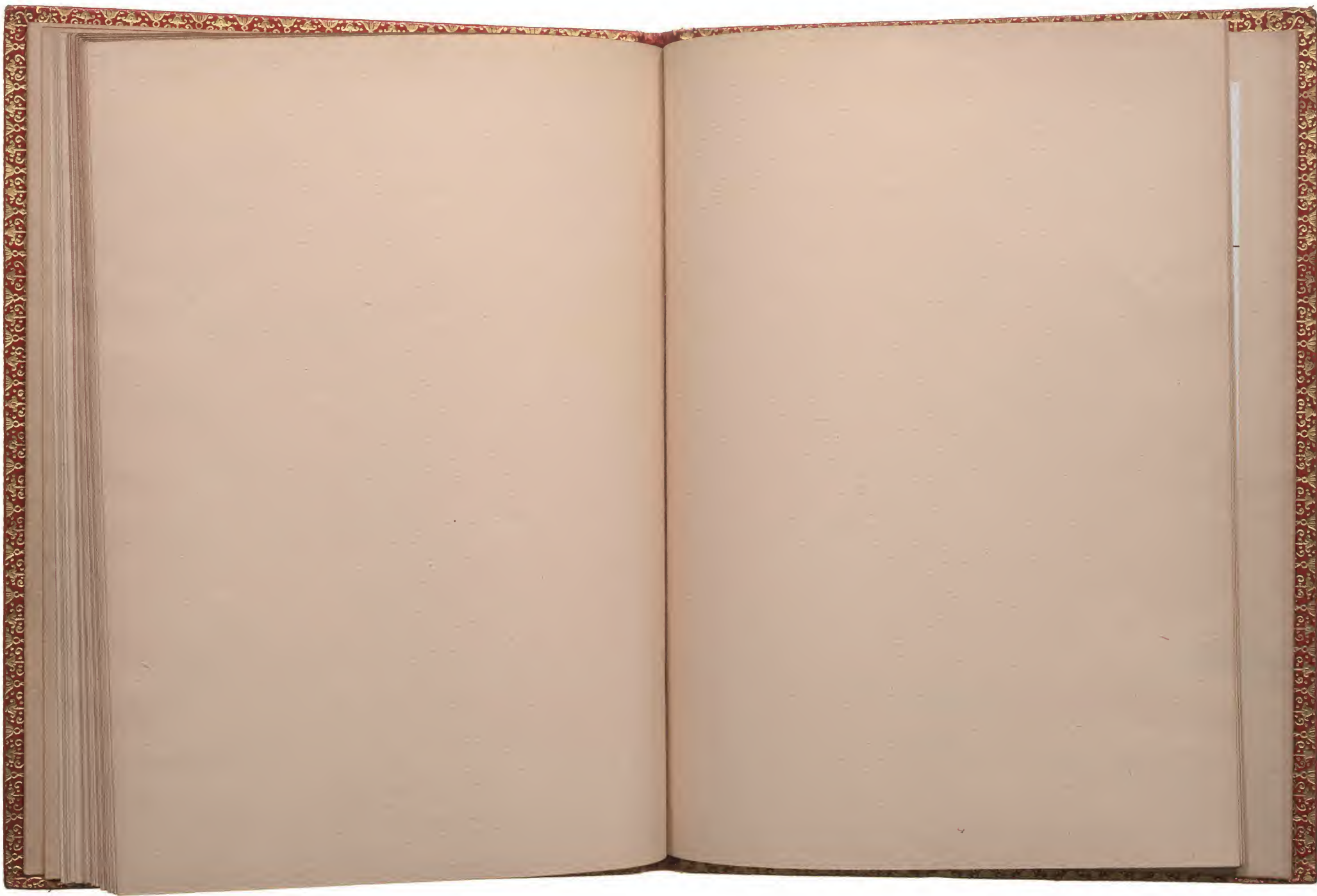


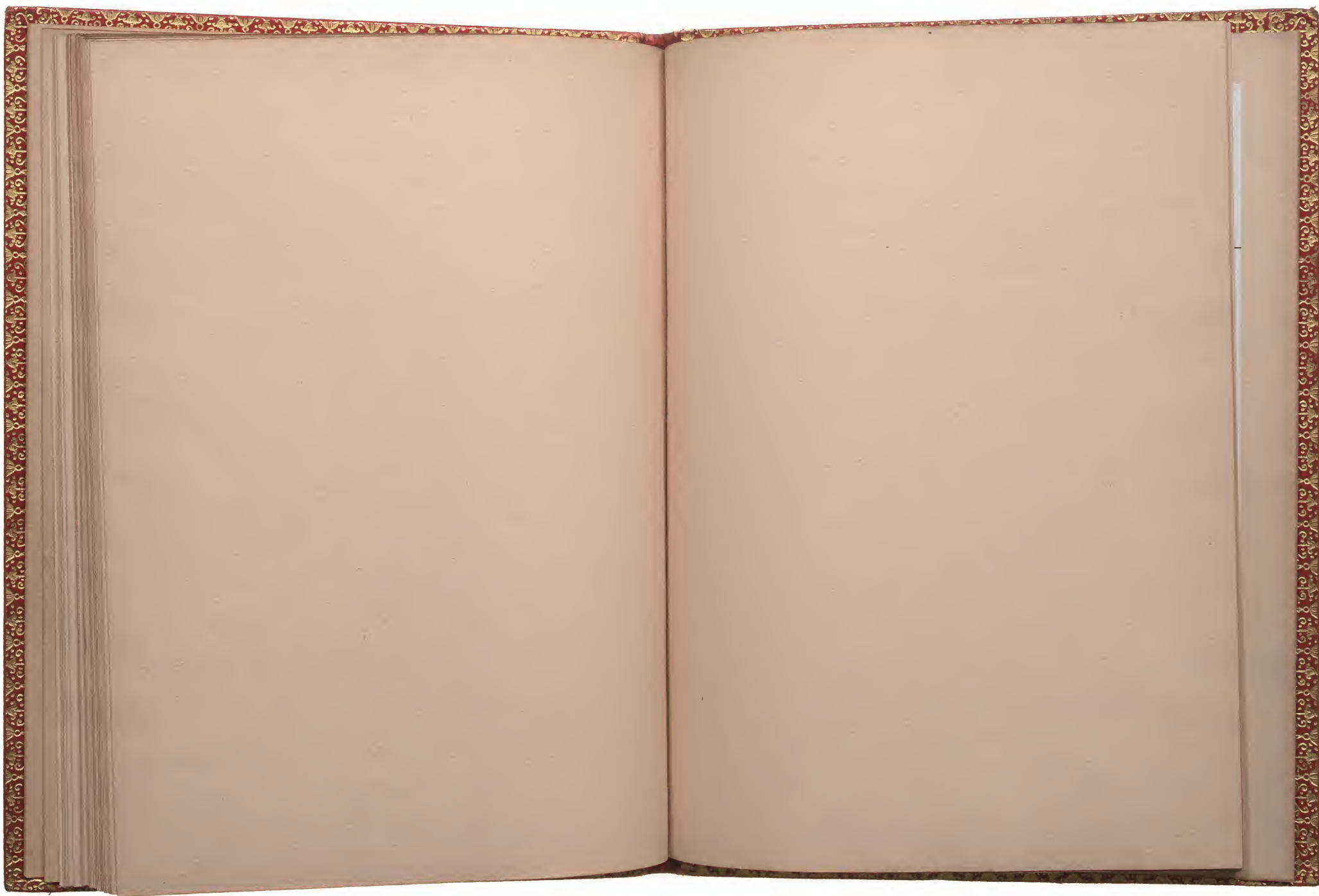


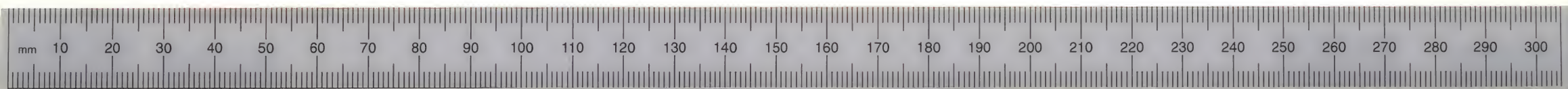
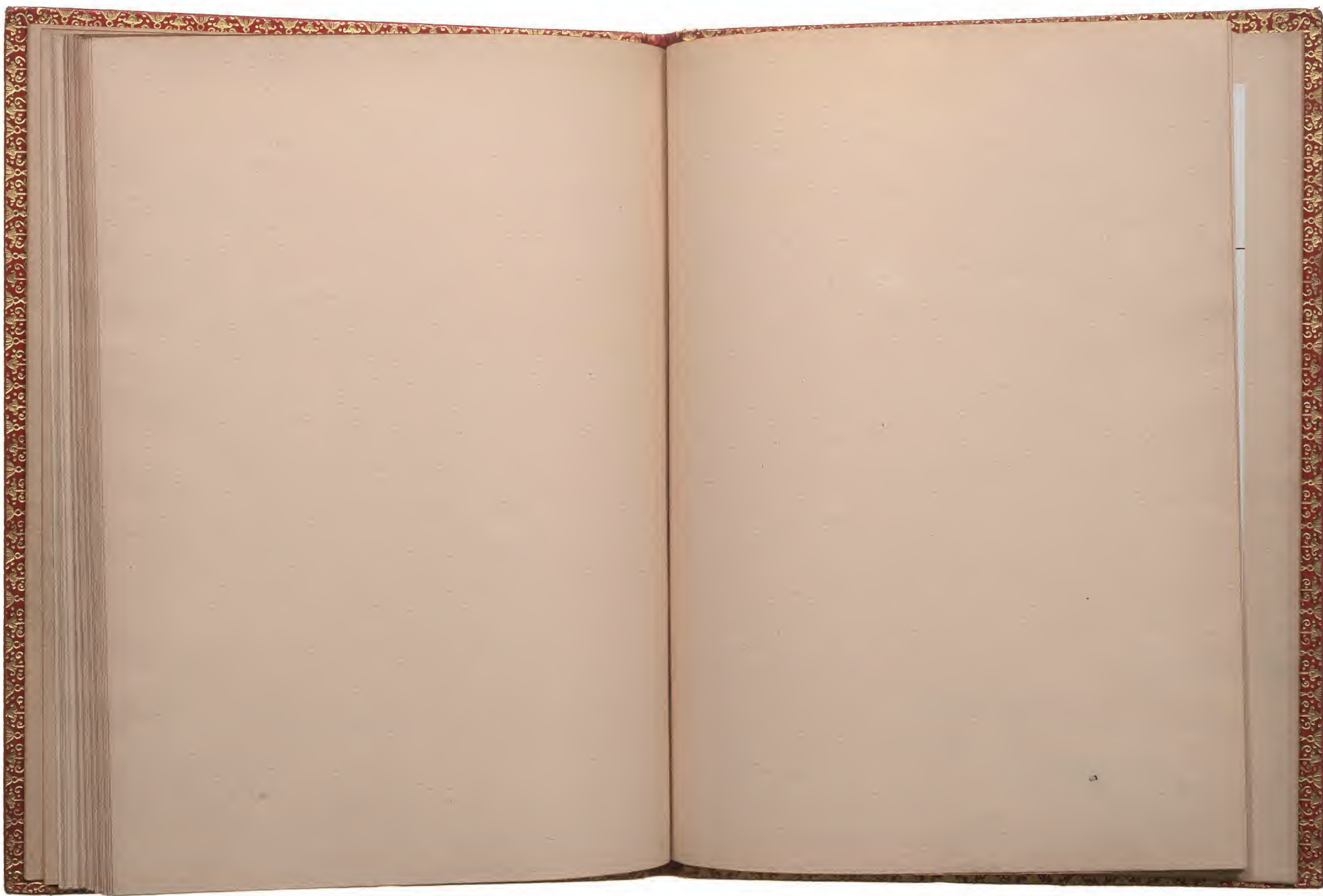


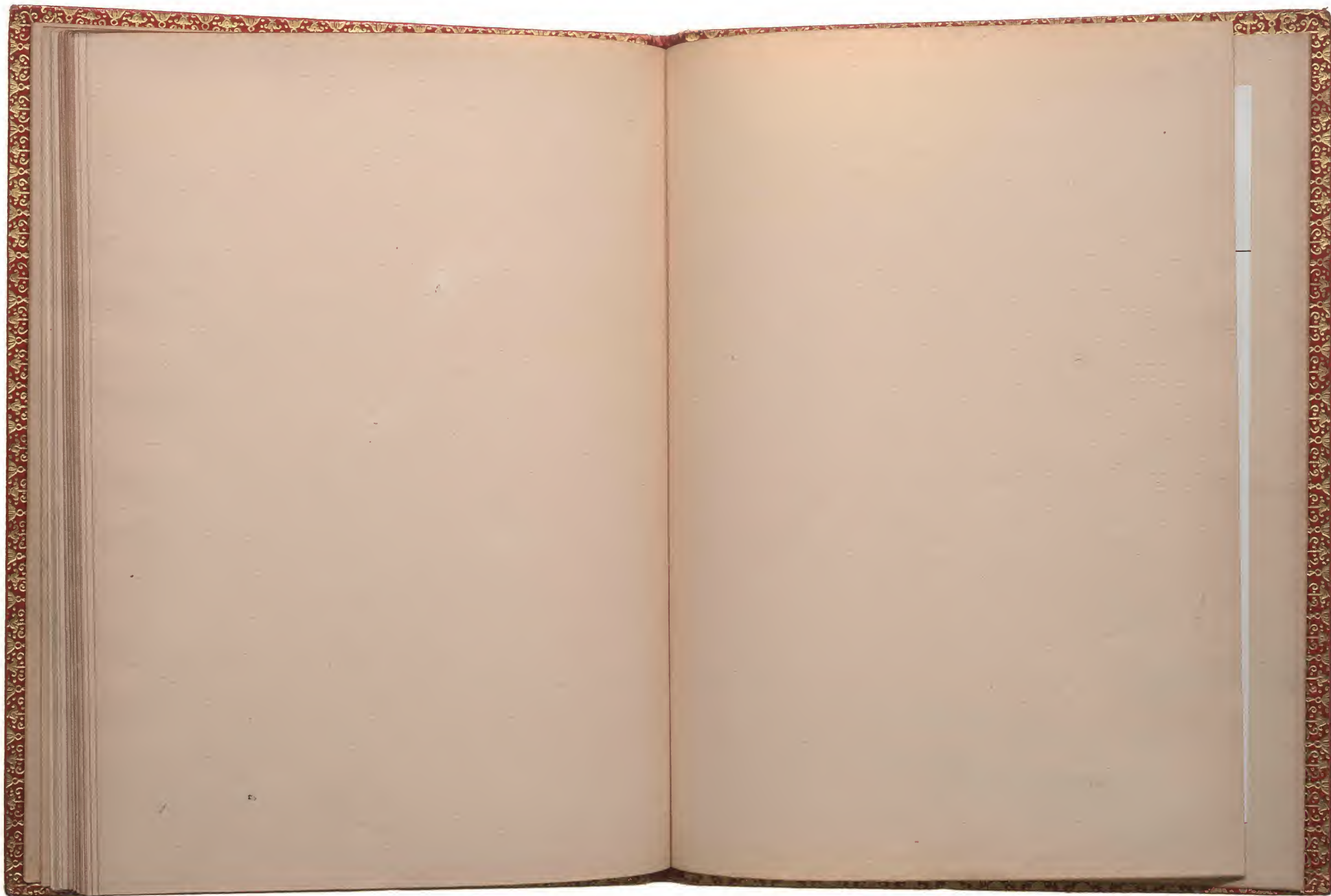












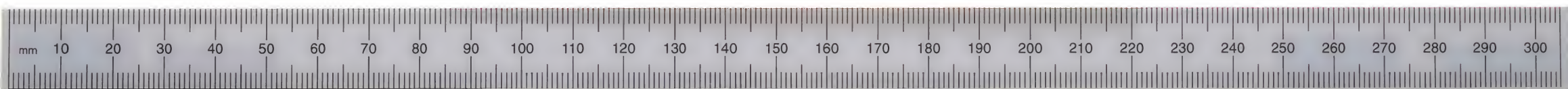
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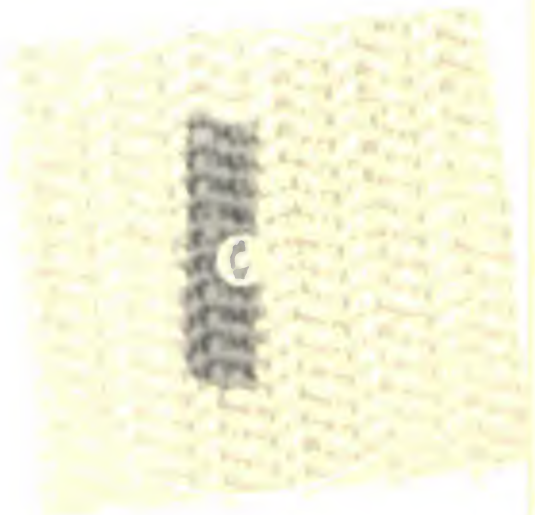
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SHAKSPERE. HENRIE THE FOURTH. PART 2, SHEET F ONLY.



